CHAPTER XII.

Mr. Blackbird's Advice.

Out of the pine woods beyond the meadow Mr. Blackbird sometimes came to breakfast in Farmer Green's garden. He claimed that he came there to look for angleworms. But those that knew him best said that he wasn't above taking an egg out of some small bird's nest. And some whispered that he had even been known to devour a nestling.

Whenever he visited the garden he told everybody that he should never come there again because Grandfather Mole was too greedy. Mr. Blackbird said that Grandfather Mole didn't leave enough angleworms to make it worth his while to fly across the meadow. And one day when he chanced to meet Grandfather Mole he told him that it was a shame, the way he was treating Farmer Green.

"Farmer Green is good enough to let you live underneath his garden. But instead of showing him that you are grateful you eat all of his angleworms you can."

Grandfather Mole was thunderstruck. After pondering over Mr. Blackbird's speech for a few moments he raised his head. "What shall I do?" he asked in a plaintive voice.

"I should think you'd turn over a

And Grandfather Mole promised that he would

new leaf," Mr. Blackbird told him severely.

And Grandfather Mole promised that he would.

"I'll turn one over today," he said, "if you think it will please Farmer Green."

"There's no doubt that it will," Mr. Blackbird assured him in a slightly more amiable tone.

A hopeful look came into Grandfather Mole's face. And after thanking Mr. Blackbird for his advice, he turned away and burrowed out of sight.

Then Mr. Blackbird selected a good many choice tidbits here and there, which he bolted with gusto. And after he had eaten what Jolly Robin, who had been watching him, declared afterward to have been a hearty meal and big enough for any one, Mr. Blackbird began to scold. He announced that there wasn't any use of his looking for anything more to eat in that neighborhood, for there wasn't enough there to keep a mosquito alive. And thereupon he flew away. Nor was anybody sorry to see him go.

Most of the feathered folk agreed that Mr. Blackbird ought not to have spoken as he did to Grandfather Mole. But Jolly Robin's wife said that she was glad there was somebody with backbone enough to tell Grandfather Mole the truth.

"If there were many more like Grandfather Mole in the garden we'd all have to spend our summers somewhere else," she said, "or starve."

Jolly Robin told her that she would find things much the same, no matter where she lived. "What's a garden, without an old mole or two?" he asked the company in general. And since nobody answered, Jolly Robin seemed to think he had silenced Mrs. Robin—for once.

But it was not so.

"A garden without an old mole in it would be just what I'd like," she cried.

"Well, anyhow, my dear," her husband said, "please remember that Grandfather Mole is going to turn over a new leaf."

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Dog Hill Paragrafs

By George Bingham

A cow broke into Sid Hock's field this week, and he started to running her and yelling at her, until he found

she belonged to the Calf Ribs Widow, then he shewed her out right gently.

Slim Pickens got in a jam while coming out of the picture show at Tickville Saturday night, but cleared the way by stepping on everybody's feet.

After reading where a girl she knew was going to get married, Miss Hosetter Hocks said she could of married 15 years ago if she had of wanted to.

Copyright, 1921, George Matthew Adams.

By displaying a green cross, physicians on emergency calls can have traffic right of way at street intersections in Louisville, Ky.

THE GUMPS---

FAREWELL FOREVER

Drawn for The Bee by Sidney Smith.
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More Truth Than Poetry

By JAMES J. MONTAGUE

The Game

In the vulgar old days, when a couple of pugs
With only a rope for their tether,
Slammed each others' faces with wallops and slugs
Or rolled in the sawdust together,
Some five hundred rough-necks were ranged round the ring
And hooted, or cheered or derided,
Applauding or hissing the punches and swings
Till the issue at last was decided.

Society then hadn't learned of the game;
The rep of the prize ring was shady
And the scene where the slugger won dollars and fame
Was hardly a place for a lady.
While low brows alone shrieked their plaudits aloud,
Full many an optic was pasted;
On the commonest kind of a red-vested crowd
Full many a knockout was wasted.

But now there are dozens of fair debutantes
Their pretty approval bestowing
When a husky young bruiser a haymaker plants
That starts the bright claret to flowing.
They joyfully whisper their radiant hopes
That the gent who came out of the flurry,
To hang for a space doubled up on the ropes,
Won't get back in the game in a hurry.

It is not for a dance or the theater now
That a girl gets her prettiest frock out,
She only dolls up to attend a good row
Where the chance all favor a knock out.
Real ladies no longer to follies resort,
Like operas, teas and first-nighting,
They all are too keen for the red-blooded sport
We used to refer to as fighting.

EVERYTHING ELSE

It must irritate Miss Mary Garden to feel that she can't also be the audience at the Chicago Opera company's productions.

BIGGER THAN THEY ARE

The news about Belteguese must have jolted some of the movie stars considerably.

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HOLDING A HUSBAND

Adele Garrison's New Phase of

Revelations of a Wife

What Her Fluffiness Planned for the Returning Bride.

Little Mrs. Durkee and Marion greeted Lillian and me—and the bonbons—with joy. Edith Fairfax was nowhere to be seen, and in answer to our involuntary look of inquiry our hostess explained her absence pettishly.

"She's gone down to the florist's to see about flowers for Leila's room when she and Alfred come back. As if I couldn't attend to those things! I tell you, girls, I can see the beginning of the end. I'm just going to be nobody in my own house after those girls get to running things their way."

The tears, which are always near the eyes of Her Fluffiness, began to course down her cheeks. Lillian gave Marion a signal and the child, with one distressed glance at Mrs. Durkee, went quietly and obediently out of the room.

"Is Edith going to live here, too?" Lillian asked, when the child was out of earshot.

All for Alfred.

I listened eagerly for Mrs. Durkee's reply, although I had learned of this arrangement before.

"Oh, of course!" Mrs. Durkee replied wearily. "We're going to be a complete happy family."

"Wherever are you going to stow them all away?" Lillian asked. I stole a furtive look of astonishment at her, for she is never in the least inquisitive, before I fathomed the purpose of her question. She knew that if she could get Mrs. Durkee's mind switched to her household regime our little hostess would forget her grievances in the delight of exhibiting her new arrangements to us.

"Come upstairs and I'll show you." Her Fluffiness responded promptly, drying her tears hurriedly and becoming cheerful immediately. "You won't know the rooms. I've been busy as a bee getting them ready and yet I'll bet there'll be something she'll want to change."

I reflected as I followed her upstairs that Leila would be an unusual bride if she did not wish to have some arrangement of her own choosing in the rooms in which so much of her life would be spent. But I saw when little Mrs. Durkee proudly threw open the doors of the rooms she had set apart for them that she had arranged every last detail, even to the shades covering the electric torches which simulated candles in the wall sconces.

Wasn't it lucky that we never furnished this room adjoining Alf's?" Mrs. Durkee asked, when we had finished exclaiming over the beauty and daintiness of the appointments of the room intended for the bride. Her Fluffiness is a housekeeper par excellence, and she had evidently put her whole heart into the furnishing and arrangement of the rooms. "You see," she went on, "this room has an alcove, so I could put the dressing table and chiffonier in there out of the way. And by getting a day bed instead of a regular one, Leila and Alfred can use this room for a little sitting room. Alf has always wanted an upstairs sitting room, but I never got around to fix him one before."

Perfunctory Admiration.

The real beauty of the room faded for me at her words. There was not a thought in it for the gentle, beautiful girl whose home it was henceforth to be. Alfred was to have the upstairs sitting room he had always wanted, and his bride was to have her belongings shunted into out-of-the-way corners in order to accomplish that object.

How do you like the color scheme?" Mrs. Durkee asked, with all the confidence of a child who knows that it has done something clever, and only waits for the praise.

"It's lovely!" Lillian said heartily. "I suppose it is Leila's favorite color?"

For a fleeting second little Mrs. Durkee looked embarrassed, a second in which I wondered if Lillian knew, as I did, that the room, exquisite as it was, in pale corn color and gold with just a touch of olive for contrast, was yet directly opposed to Leila's passionate admiration for anything pink.

The colors of the roses, from the lightest to the darkest tints—I well knew her love for them, and yet her husband's mother had furnished her room with a color background against which even Leila's favorite blossoms, pink sweet peas, and Killarney roses, would jar.

"It ought to be if it isn't," Mrs. Durkee answered Lillian's question with an obstinate setting of her pretty lips. "She's just the coloring to look well against that background. And, besides, I didn't want to do over Alf's room; he fixed it all up in his favorite browns not very long ago, and this harmonizes wonderfully with it. See—"

She threw open the connecting doors between the bedrooms and we saw that the color scheme of one did, indeed, blend charmingly with that of the other.

"You certainly have accomplished wonders," Lillian said.

There was only perfunctory admiration in her tones, and I knew that she resented with me the selfishness—unconscious though it undoubtedly was—which had led little Mrs. Durkee to prepare her daughter-in-law's room with no thought for the girl's tastes or comfort.

(Continued Monday.)

Should Cupid Smile? Tell It With Your Pen

Leave This Coupon Attached

NAME .....

AGE .....

ADDRESS .....

CAN you give Dan Cupid a face? The Bee artist in this drawing left Dan without any features. He needs a forehead, nose, eyes, mouth and chin. Maybe he ought to be wearing a smile, or possibly a frown or puzzled look, as he goes about making targets of human hearts.

The Bee would like to have Omaha and Iowa and Nebraska boys and girls express on paper their ideas of what they consider the right sort of a face for little Dan.

The competition will be a Valentine contest, the names of the winners to be announced in The Evening Bee of February 14 and The Morning Bee of February 15

Nine Prizes Offered.

There will be nine prizes. First prize will be $5, second prize $3 and there will be seven other prizes of $1 each.

The Bee artist in his drawing not only neglected Dan's face, but also left out the bow of his pet bow and arrow.

The border surrounding the drawing is to suggest a Valentine design.

Its up to the boys and girls to fill in Cupid's face, furnish a bow for the arrow and complete the Valentine design. Use either pencil, crayon or pen and ink. Colors, if you like. You may submit as many designs as you choose.

Fill in Coupon.

Clip from The Bee the outline and the coupon attached to it. After finishing the Valentine fill in the coupon and bring or mail the picture and coupon to the Valentine Contest Editor, The Bee.

The competition is open to all Omaha, Nebraska and Iowa boys and girls of 12 years or younger.

The pictures must be turned in or mailed to the Valentine Contest Editor not later than Thursday, February 10.

Trying to Save Life of Pet Dog With Dislocated Neck

The Humane society is endeavoring to save the life of a pet dog owned by Virginia Showalter, 805 South Eighteenth street. Humane officers were advised that the dog suffered a dislocated neck when kicked by a vicious boy who has not yet been apprehended. The dog was a pet in the Showalter home.

Jewel, Flower, Color Symbols for Today

By MILDRED MARSHALL.

The diamond is both the talismanic gem and the natal stone for today. It attracts good fortune to all who seek it with honest endeavor and endows them with courage and strength to meet all difficulties.

To those born on an anniversary of this day it brings the power to attract sincere, constant love, if it is set in gold and worn on the left arm or hand.

Brown was believed by the ancients to bring success to all who wore it at this time.

The pink carnation is today's flower, and brings peace and contentment to those who wear it.

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Common Sense

Paying For a Home.

By J. J. MUNDY.

If you are buying a home, are you satisfied that you can save merely enough to make the periodic payments when due?

You feel pretty good that you can do this, and is it not true that you think it unnecessary to try to get any more money ahead than will pay your obligations, and you do not realize the mistake you make in not having a savings account also upon which you can draw if you should have sudden illness or some misfortune?

Then if you should become ill how could you keep up the monthly payments if you have no extra funds ahead?

It would necessitate some sacrifice and much self-denial for several weeks to catch up with your indebtedness at some time, wouldn't it?

How much better it would be if you were more careful right along with your expenditures in order to have something ahead for emergencies.

The man who is buying a home with little thought for the next payment is very much like the man who is renting but never has two months' rent ahead.

There are a lot of otherwise sensible ones like this. Be wise and start at once to get that surplus.

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I'M THE GUY

I'M THE GUY who always gives you an argument.

No matter what you tell me to do, or what correction you ask me to make, or what suggestion or plan you propose, I've always got some comeback.

I can't let you think I do a thing just because you say it's the right thing to do. No! I've got to show you that there's another side to the question.

And I believe in considering all sides, all the time.

Of course, if you insist on my doing it your way, all well and good. I'll do just as you say. But that doesn't mean that you are right. By no means!

I try to show you that the other way is just as good. And it's easier for me.

Besides it hurts my pride to have you tell me. I like to do things my way, and I don't like to follow advice. So whether you like it or not, I'm going to try to make you see things my way.

No, I'm not stubborn, or anything like that. I only want to make sure that the thing is right.

If you don't like it, and think I'm pig-headed, I should worry. I'm built that way, and I don't intend to change.

I don't think much of people, anyway, who haven't a mind of their own.

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WHY—

Properly speaking, the term "fresco" can be applied only to a single type of art, for the word is taken directly from the Italian, where it means cool, or, as we have slightly altered the word, "fresh." In connection with paintings, a "fresco" is a picture or decoration done in water colors on fresh plaster or on a wall covered with mortar which is not quite dry. In such a case the plaster is laid on as the painting proceeds, no more being applied at once than the painter can finish in a day, and the colors, being prepared with water and put on over the fresh plaster, become incorporated with the wall and retain their beauty for a great length of time.

It is not unusual to use the word "fresco" with reference to the old paintings found on chuhch walls and the like, but these are generally only distemper paintings on plaster and quite distinct in their durability and mode of application from the true fresco which was brought to its greatest artistic height by the Italian masters of the 16th century.

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Where It Started

Sugar.

Although sugar is an article of common use today, its production is of recent origin. The cane was introduced into Louisiana from southern Europe in the 18th century; previous to this it had all been imported, and only in small quantities. Beet sugar was not made till 1747, when it was discovered by Margraff of the Berlin Academy of Sciences.

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Parents Problems

Is it ever wise to laugh at children?

No, this is never wise. Help them to laugh at themselves, and laugh with them.

A complete automobile can be assembled in Los Angeles, Cal., from parts manufactured by factories in that city.